

queenie.



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MAR 26 2001



queenie. #7 Back in the saddle! spring 2001
[hold on tight for your latest anticlimax!]

jump to it
you blood thirsty
jerks!

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at my life
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CELERY!

HATS AND

APPLAUSE!

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Kiss
bob!



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(voodoo furore)

L. Good me on road to voodoo



MOLLY

MOVED

TO
TEXAS

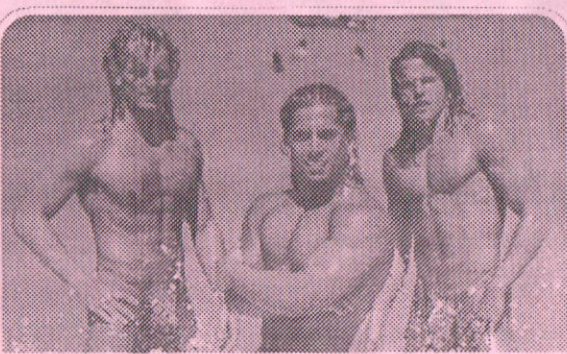
AND LIVED!
P. 9

Thanks: to Tim for love + tech support; Sophia; Molly; Christy;
Geoff + Chris for loveliness secrets; Atticus for the thrill
of it all; and Ayun, whose constant nagging finally kicked this monkey off my back.

Dear Leslie,

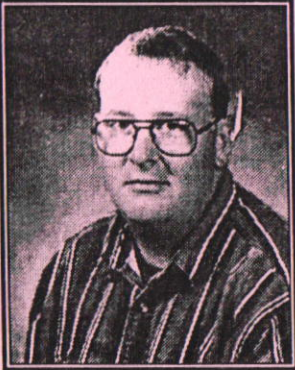
Here's another postcard for your collection! It's Julia, the 1 am not yer mom girl. I'm in San Francisco! Yep! And on Thursday (I mean Sunday oops!) the 31st, my father and I are driving to L.A. If you've never been to San Fran, let me tell you something Mark Twain once said. "The coldest winter I ever spent was summer in San Francisco." Not that I'm complaining with 100° temps back home! I'm staying with my hippie uncle who has an Asian fetish (2 half Asian kids). Everyone's a hippie here! I don't think they know what American cheese and fried chicken is! All this good for you stuff is really starting to get to me. I can't wait for L.A. just so I can get grilled cheese and Coke!

Julia
Chicago, Ill.



SAN FRANCISCO

Senior Silhouette



SHANE BOWYER

By Sarah Cooley

Shane Bowyer was born on December 10, 1979 at Perry Memorial Hospital in Princeton to Sue and Dale Bowyer. He has a brother Toby, 22.

Classes that Bowyer is enrolled in this year include Resource Management, PE, Government, English, CAD and WAVC.

His favorites include class, English; quote, "Kill them all and let God sort them out"; food, pizza; movie, *Christine*; TV show, *Home Improvement*; book, *Christine*; and teacher, Mrs. Morris.

His most memorable moment was when he bought his truck. His most embarrassing moment was when he hit a kid. In his spare time, he works on his truck and spends time with his friends.

His future plans are to work in and own his family's bar.

His advice to underclassmen is to get all of your credits early so you don't have to try so hard your Senior year.

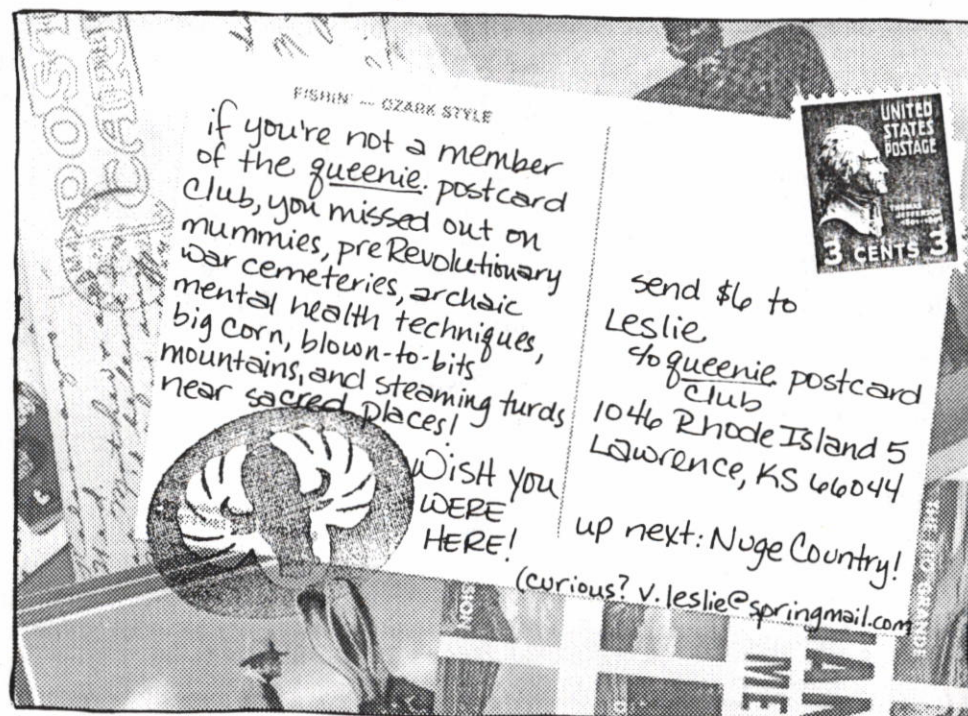
KITCHEN TABLE

good fried food! fresh greens! good stories! come on in!



WOUNDED
BUT FEISTY

TIM'S FAMILY KEPT A SLEW
OF WILD CATS FOR MOUSE
AND POSSUM CONTROL OUT
IN THE BARN. ONE DAY, ONE
OF THE SCRAPPIER TOM CATS
CAME HOME WITHOUT HIS THROAT!
THIS AMUSED THE FARM BOYS, WHO
THOUGHT IT FUNNY THAT FOOD SURELY FELL OUT
OF HIS NECK ON THE TRIP DOWN TO THE BELLY.
THEN TOM DISAPPEARED MISSING—
PRESUMED DEAD. A FEW DAYS
LATER, HE CAME HOME WITH A
GOOD-AS-NEW NECK
BUT NO EARS



Dear queenie,

For so long, I thought I was the only one who laughed at people who fall down. I knew that this kind of laughter was evil, but I just couldn't help it. After being chastised by my lover and family, I tried to stifle my amusement while watching someone fall. Now I read in your last issue (#6) that you, too, laugh at the misfortunes of others! I suppose that doesn't make me *or you* any less evil, but it is comforting to know that I am not the only inconsiderate boob.

I, too, am a faller. I am proud of my ability to stumble and continue moving along my way on a nearly weekly basis. See, I have a favorite pair of shoes that I wear every day. There is one tiny flaw, however: I fall down more often than I should in them. These shoes, clogs that are stylish enough (at least I think) to wear with every piece of clothing that I own, have a stiff sole that makes my feet wobble when they hit an uneven portion of pavement. Usually my foot twists a bit and I stumble enough to worry that I may be going down in "classic" form and, thus, make a funny face. My stumbling is funniest when I am talking to my pal beside me and make my startled, wide-eyed "oh, no!" face mid-sentence. He or she tends to reach for me and help me with my balance, but I assure them this happens quite often, that I am used to it, and it's no big deal. Nine times out of 10, I never touch the ground. There are times, however, when I make it to the ground full-force. Last week I was walking along with a group of friends and *ka pow!* I'm falling face-forward, hands in my pockets, falling onto my boyfriend in front of me while twisting as best I can in order that I land on my butt rather than my face. I end up hitting my shoulder and my head landed with a thud on the sidewalk. Generally, I was okay—only a bit stunned and light-headed afterward, telling my pals to back off and give me room to re-group. Wouldn't you know, within a minute, I was back up bob-bob-bobbing along, chatting as if nothing had happened—loving, inside, the thrill of the fall, being a "faller" and the internal guffaw of the watcher that I am. My friends, looking behind at the ground, could find nothing—a rock, a crack in the sidewalk, a ghost—that I might have tripped over; of course, I knew it was only my shoes that made me trip. It was a grand experience I think only you, I, and others of our ilk could appreciate.

Thanks again, queenie, for your continuing inspired work in your smooth-like-buttah 'zine.

Chris Deman
Seattle, Wash.

queenie.

A humble little endeavor that is bittersweet and kind of depressing if you stop to think about it
Since 1997

The editorial board of *queenie* believes in serial commas, American spellings, amateur typesetting and layout, friends stopping by with pizza, boycotting the month of February, and laughing until you snort.

Published when gestation cycles, inspiration, and finances permit. Write or email to be placed on the mailing list. We will be doing our darndest to get an issue out every six months.

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"Hope you live where everyone's happy
Hope you live where nothing gets crappy"

—Slobberbone, "Your New Town"

~~urban~~

Tim and I weren't so comfortable in the city. Our country minds translated energy as noise and forwardness as hostility. The pace was too swift for me — I'm not so adaptable, and change made feel as if I was living in the middle of a rushing river where everything was constantly uprooted and pushed into the greater unknown. In three years, gentrification had swept our

[illegible]

reviews reviews reviews reviews reviews

Give me songs about rivers, bad luck with cars, and taking off when things get stupid and you have a devoted fan: I'm a sucker for the down-on-his-luck journeyman. Throw in a bluegrass soundtrack, and you have wooed the hill blood of this barefoot gal. Then add a farmboy type who has evidently been drinking too much of said river water and who comes up one day with the idea of building a stand-up bass with an old gas tank and a weed-whacker cord—and he then learns how to play this unholy hybrid—and lordy you have me slobbering at all of your shows. And geez, they're even from *Kansas!* I could just die. So you should check out *Never Make It Home* because it rocks in a sloppy bluegrass way: where Bill Monroe and the Del McCoury Band blaze by with intrepid speed, Split Lip Rayfield slash and burn in a way that shows they grew up with the walls of fire that surround Wichita every April. Split Lip Rayfield c/o Bloodshot Records, 3039 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago, IL 60618.



The same summer my basil-lovin' man and I hooked up, another friend was dating a guy who was cultivating a yard full of basil. I'll never forget him: tall and earthy, he really loved plants and he changed my ideas of what a yard is meant for. Ah, the Summer of 1995: the Summer of Basil. I've been growing it ever since. It's the easiest of outdoor plants. Just spread some seeds in a container of soil once the chance of frost has passed, wait a few weeks, water often (they love water, especially in the hot hot months), and harvest by picking the leaves once they have matured. To me, it smells like summer itself, which will stay on your hands the remainder of the day. You can dry basil for the winter, or if you are pesto freaks like us, just rinse it, pat dry, and throw into the freezer for pesto in the winter when the cabin fever is hitting a high pitch.

2 cups lightly packed basil
2 to 4 cloves garlic
1/4 cup pine nuts
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/4 cup olive oil

Place olive oil in the blender or food processor. Then add all other ingredients and pulse until well blended. If more moisture is necessary for a smoother pesto, add olive oil a tablespoon at a time. All measurements are approximates—tweak it to your own tastes. Makes approximately 2 cups. Yum!



Devil's Elbow

Well, since the last issue of **Devil's Elbow** came out about as long ago as *Guente*. #6, I may be championing a dead horse here. But good zines don't die, they just transcend to a more conceptual, ethereal plane (i.e., live in one's head, verbalized over beer, etc.). It is my sincere hope that *Devil's Elbow* will come to life again, but if it doesn't, I know the world is a better place with Lori Robbins and John Minkoff in it, traversing the back roads of this planet's more subtle destinations and salvaging those incredibly bright, old Curt Teich postcards (ah, the glories of lead-based inks). Sometimes subtitled "The Travel Zine for People Who Don't Care Where They Are Going," *Devil's Elbow* possesses something rare in this genre: good writing. Robbins can write like nobody's business, even about Elvis, whom the hipsters have ground up into a retreaded old kitsch subject: "So if the very mention of Elvis curls your lips into that cheap and compromising posture, wipe it off. You're cheating yourself, and you're not fooling anyone. Elvis is with us for a reason. He is a big gorgeous riddle that we have to solve, and that is why we cannot stop thinking about his image, his grave, his records, his stuff." Anyone who takes the King seriously as a man of vast contradictions and complexities is clearly good people. I received my back issues of *Devil's Elbow* the week Atticus was born; while he slept, I poured over them, and even followed their guiding light to Lincoln's Tomb with the 3-week-old mite in tow.

Devil's Elbow, c/o L. Robbins & J. Minkoff, 2623 East 2nd St. Box 12, Bloomington, IN 47401.

Ruckus Juice & Chittlins: The Grog Jug Bands (vol. 2)

I like to say that my new love for jug bands is rooted in my son's love for jug bands—put this on the stereo and watch the kid twist and stomp like a randy squirrel—but knowing that I spent nearly 20 bucks of our mighty-slim CD budget on this disk attests to my true love of jug music. My friend Al introduced me to the Memphis Jug Band, and I've been insufferably gung-ho about them ever since. I even forced our guests to usher in the new year with jug band music. Jug band music is what was once the American way: having a rich, fulfilled life and a good time with whatever little you had. I challenge you to be in a bad mood when jug band music is playing! Even the band names fill me with that warm down-home happiness that gets me through an afternoon: Ezra Buzzington's Rustic Revelers, the Dixieland Jug Blowers, the Five Harmaniacs, the Prairie Ramblers . . . Ah, hell, I'll just say it: if you don't like jug music, you're no friend of mine.

Various Artists, *Ruckus Juice & Chittlins: The Great Jug Bands* (volume 2), Yazoo Records.



ΔΔ

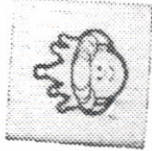
COUGRRL

because I was holding Atticus close to my chest, rather than in one of those baby-suitcase contraptions. They said that I "didn't look like the other mothers." I had to provide proof that Atty was my son (in kind sight, I should have given them a good squirt of breast milk). With two innocuous tattoos and a slightly different way of holding my boy, I had become fringe and a possible threat to the other precious (read: white,) babies in the North Side.

But two stupid cops did not chase me out of the city—truth was, I missed Kansas terribly. When you leave home, you are forced to define it. I missed family and the growing seasons and the stars. But I would never say that country is better than city—country (or small town) is just more me. For some unexplainable reason, I feel a greater freedom and am more creative in Kansas. This is where I belong—and only Chicago could teach me that.

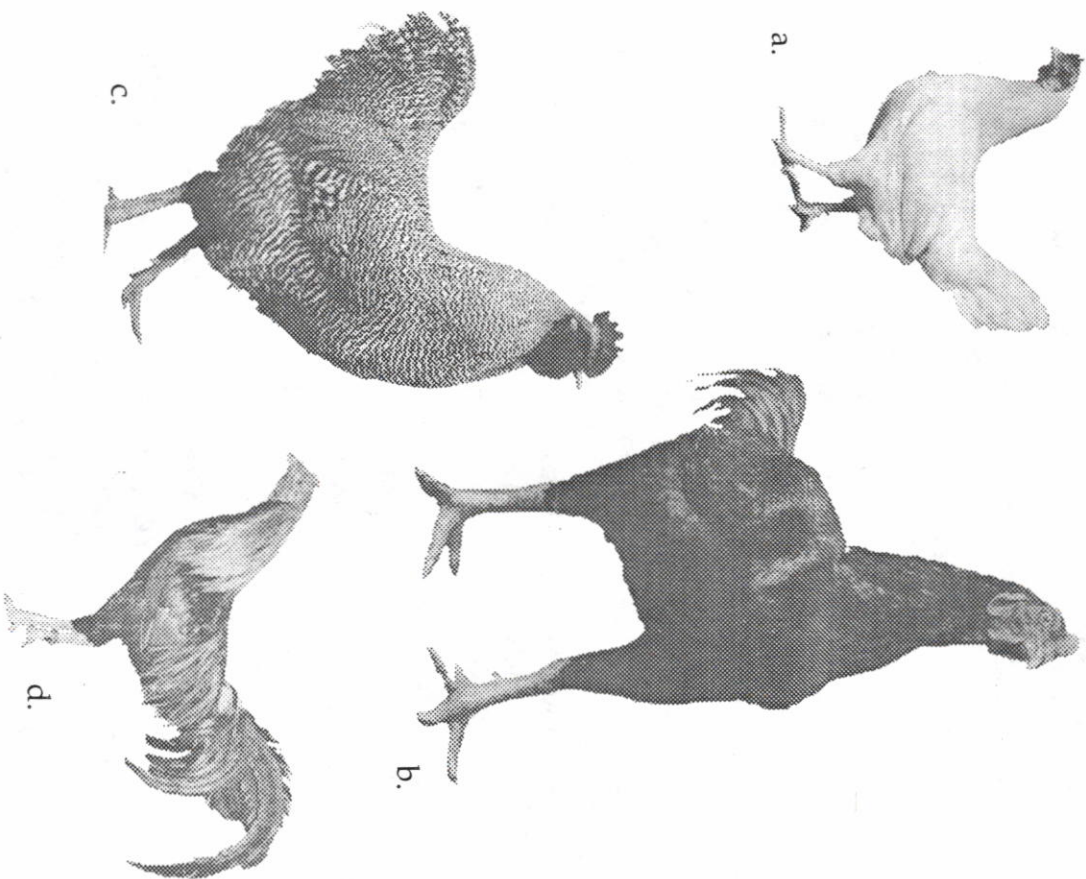
So now the three of us are in Lawrence, where we garden and walk and drink local beer and always have projects going. Spring is coming, the boy is happy and healthy. Life is good.

ΔΔ



queenie. says,

You got to know your chicken!



a. American white leghorn hen; "layer." b. Dark cornish gamecock.
c. Barred Plymouth rock cock. d. Old English gamecock.

in

by Christy Prahl

sandwich with such embarrassing altitude that consuming it is beyond matters of human appetite and good taste. I'm suddenly plagued with my own mental refrain: Please don't let it be mine. Please don't let it be mine.

Sure enough, down goes the plate directly in front of me. Between two saucer-sized slices of bread oozes a congealed agar of chicken teeming with caesar dressing the consistency of wood paste. The sandwich alone must have lacked panache, because perched on top is an oversized toothpick, stuck—at a rather jaunty angle—with a cherry tomato, diminutive pickle, black olive, and green olive, the last of which looks me directly in the eye as if to say, "You think you know it all, don't you? Well, what are you going to do about this?"

All eyes lock on my sandwich. The office hipster—the one with the perfect figure, fluency in German, and benign bowl of pasta—begins to laugh. "That's quite a sandwich," she says.

"Someone must be hungry," says the company president, as if I've selected the Big Appetite item with deliberate gusto.

"I ordered that once," says the man to my left (hired just after me, but given his own office with a real door he can shut). "I guess I should have mentioned it's a little unwieldy."

I felt like I'd been served the dunce cap for lunch: my gelatinous sandwich with its little chapeau . . . my root-tootie-colossal-fudgie-rific sundae, free if you can finish the whole damn thing.

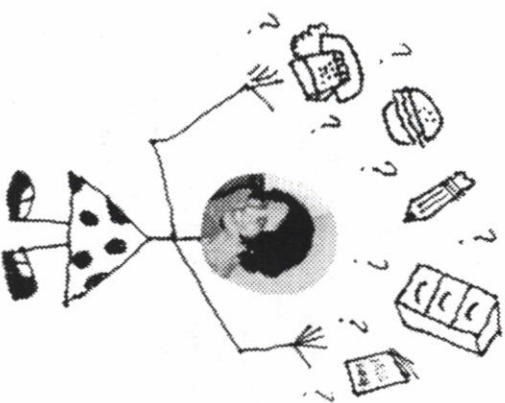
I nibbled at the meat, trying to avoid the vinegary salsa slathered on top like a garish toupee. Soon enough, gag reflex taxed to its limit, I was forced to employ an old childhood trick, spreading the food over the surface of the plate to create the appearance of adequate ingestion. I took what remained of the chicken, cut through the diameter of one slice of bread, and created a tidy half-sandwich. I requested a to-go box, then intentionally left my little parcel behind.

Now—despite the short attention spans, the in-one-day-out-the-next office zeitgeist, I am forever to be known around The Company as the girl with the behemoth sandwich.

"Do you remember that horrible sandwich?" people will say. "You know, the one with the hat?"

I always had a sneaking suspicion I wouldn't succeed in corporate culture. For one, the rules—with all their unspoken gag orders and self-imposed circle jerks—strike me as either laughable or tragic, depending on my mood. Now, on top of everything, when I open my mouth to make a point or engage a discussion, I can't help but hear people musing, "That nauseating chicken went into that mouth. What's the sense in paying attention to what comes out of it?"

Ultimately, any remote hope I might have had of moving up was left behind with my doggy bag. Good thing I'm afraid of ladders.



Sandwiched

Let me start by saying I'm relatively new to the entire corporate miasma, with its quicksand, typhoid, and dark places. I taught English to uninspired undergraduates for ten years before necessity (regular salary, health benefits, square meals) forced me to sign on to the manacles of 9-5 cubicle life. That was almost two years ago, and though I've done at least as well as the most average member of the work force, I've always felt like someone who found her way to corporate America by mistake, who was really supposed to be waiting tables or delivering balloon grams or—please don't let it be so—teaching uninspired undergraduates.

But somehow, while everyone was looking the other way, I popped in—body snatchers style—to a place I didn't belong in the first place. Secretly, I live in vague fear of discovery: Hey, that's not business casual! That's a 12-year-old girl in a Halloween costume!

What's blindsided me the most are the unwritten rules of "The Company." It took me at least six months to realize that the after-work happy hour is no optional social affair, but a mandatory occasion for showing team spirit. And I discovered the hard way that friendships are prohibited between those on different rungs of The Company caste system.

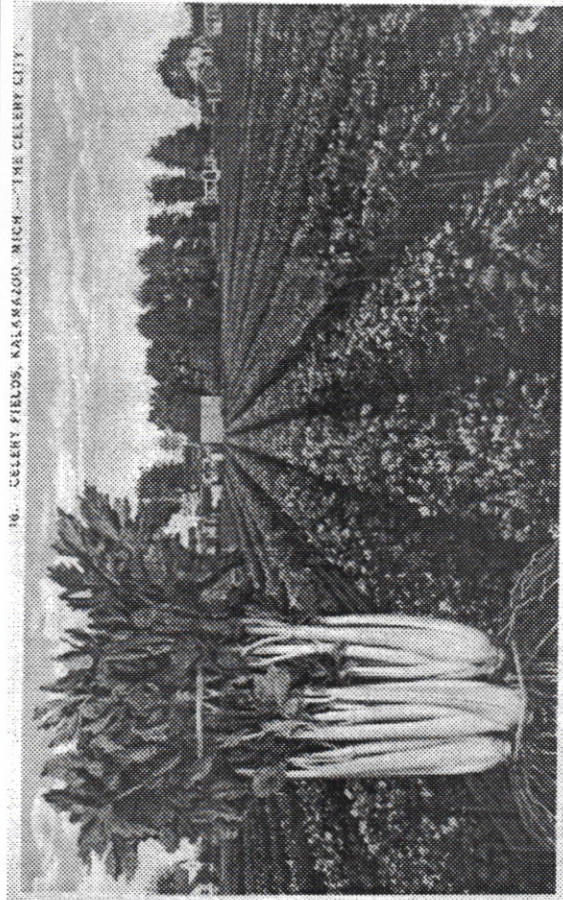
Generally, I take this all in as a sociologist might, as if I'm studying a population in its natural habitat with no personal stakes whatsoever. What I do know indelibly, though, is when I've broken one of these sacred covenants, as I did recently at an invitation-only lunch for company newcomers.

Like a dutiful corporate drone, I sat in a middle seat, passing the menus to others before appropriating one for myself. I smiled in all the right places, secretly cursing the choice of eateries—an overpriced hotel restaurant where everything comes slathered in hollandaise or mayonnaise—sauces that make you understand an etymological link to "malaise."

After learning that everyone would be ordering from the sandwich or salad sections, I quickly ruled out the encrusted whitefish. Beef—though I love it—once put me in the hospital, so I veered away from the cheeseburger and reuben specials. The salmon wrap seemed overpriced and messy, so I decided to pass. From there, my choices came down to barbequed pork or chicken caesar. The inevitable saucy chin stain tipped the scales toward the chicken.

Dipping bread in dainty pools of olive oil, we chattered over iced tea or water with lemon. Conversation ranged from the ever-popular stretch of hot weather to the ever-droll mockery of our most reviled clients. Because office discussions are still a new language to me, I have to guard against interjecting the bizarre dream I had the other night—the one detailing the discovery of my closest friends shooting up heroin in a public women's bathroom—or expressing empathy for the reviled clients for having to make sense of The Company's convoluted strategies for success. Meanwhile, the food has started to arrive, and the woman across from me is handed her innocuous bowl of rotini. The man beside me receives his stoic reuben and cole slaw, and the brazen administrative assistant across the way makes room for her pulled pork sandwich, which is displayed with surprising decorum on the plate.

Then, from the kitchen, hefted forth by both hands of our sturdy waiter, is a



16. CELERY FIELDS, KALAMAZOO, MICH. THE CELERY CITY

"Celery Fields, Kalamazoo, Mich.—'The Celery City.'"

Postmark Kalamazoo, August 25, 1926

To Mrs. Edw. Carlson
4311 N. Harding Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

"Kalamazoo
Wed.

Dear Mother & all. I can't believe I'm not in Chgo. any longer. It's pretty quiet around here. We were in Dowagiac by 4 P.M. I think. Didn't have any trouble. Stayed with Bess & Floyd over nite & came to Kazoo this A.M. It's 5 P.M. now & we are going to Climax now. Claude bought a new suit & I bought a new dress today. We are just fine. Lovingly Ellen"

To the Ladies

by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

One evening recently, when a lady wearing a perfect dream of a little black hat with a red feather in it entered the dining room of Maxim's famous old restaurant in Paris, a spontaneous rattle of handclapping broke out. She wasn't a mannequin; there was no fashion show going on. She was just an incidental lady in an exquisitely distinguished hat. The people at the other tables were strangers to her, but they couldn't help showing their appreciation, so they sat back and applauded as though they were at a theater.

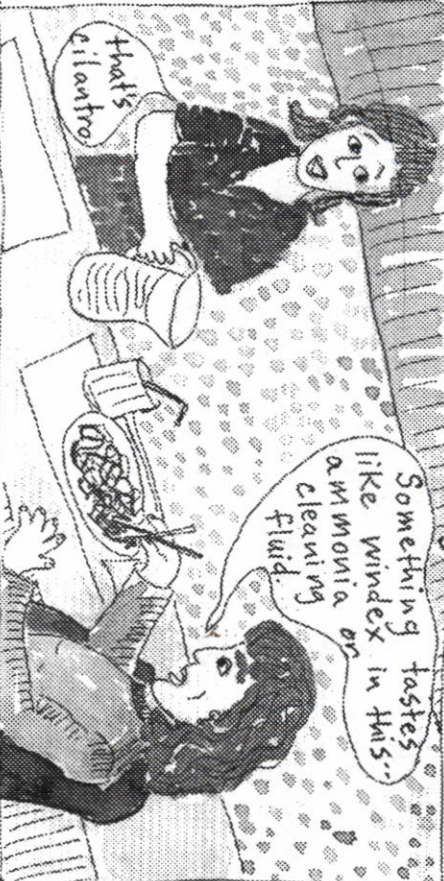
—excerpted in its entirety from *Reader's Digest*, November 1938.

The "C" Word

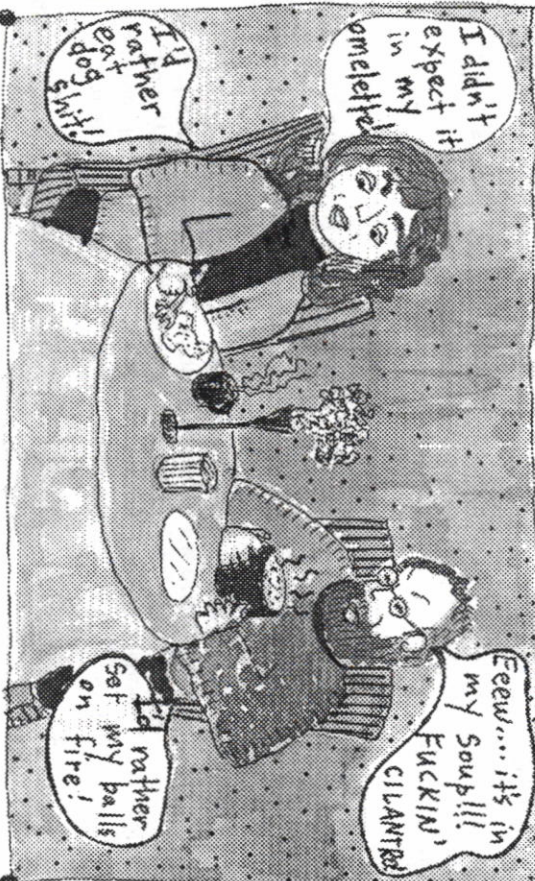
By Sophia Theophylactos Fields

© 2000.

The first time I met the **EVIL ONE** was at Penny's Noodle Shop in Chicago...circa 1993.



We soon learned that the culinary world was being taken over by this nasty flavor...We knew to order food without it in Mexican and Thai places... **BUT...**

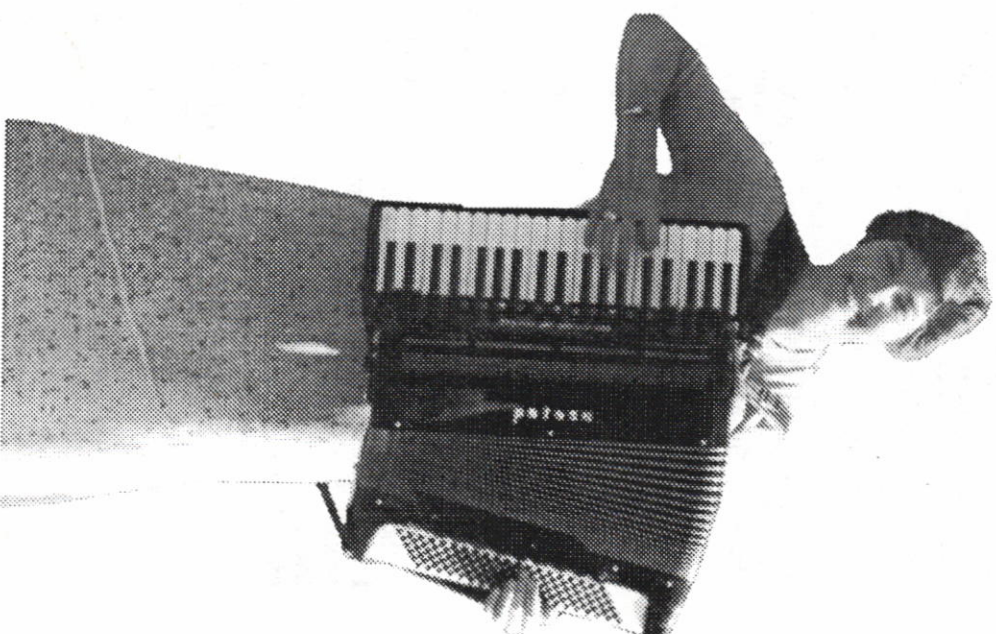


squeeze box!
what the stars are pointing at)

The Introduction

While hanging out at the folks' house, I lugged the drab case up the stairs, dusted it off, and then marveled at the pearlescent beauty of the Noble Deluxe. It is amazing. I then strapped it on, realized that perhaps I should wait until the childbearing years are over (it will neither accommodate a pregnant belly nor lactating breasts), and situated my feet to better support this massive machine.

Once I unsnapped the restraints, the bellows were ready and I blurted out my first accordion squawls. The result: loud, loud noise. Shockingly loud noise. Atty skittered about two rooms like a mouse in daylight until he found an appropriate chair, which he hid behind before lofting out a cry only panic and fear could induce. Lesson #1 was officially over.



It's my

(Sometimes you just have to believe

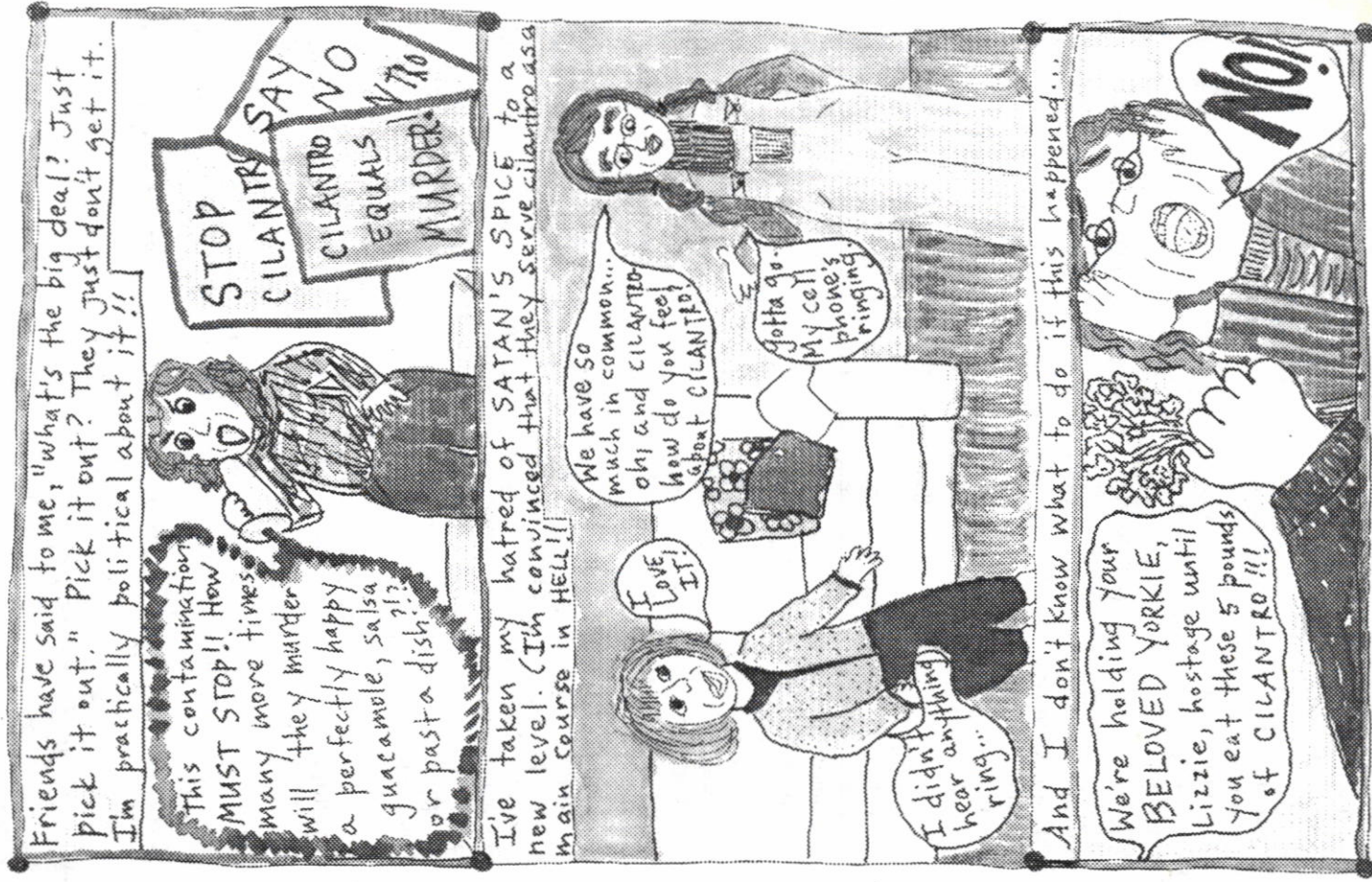
I attended a fabulous wedding this past August replete with a strolling accordionist. Bonnie was an intrepid entertainer, milling about the Seattle rose garden with her instrument, never pouring on the "I'm playing a funny instrument" schtick or blasting out the conversation. Rather, she was a comforting, and quirky, presence, and she was professional as hell: she even had a proper, humble pose for the cameras, which she struck immediately while never missing a note. And her repertoire was expansive, from the wedding march to your standard polka favorites to Star Wars theme music. Bonnie was cool.

I spent the evening drinking, chasing my son, and envying Bonnie. I even wrote among my well wishes in the guest book that there was nothing that night I wanted more than to be a strolling accordionist.

Upon returning to Kansas, my mother reminded me that she had an accordion in the basement. Not that I had ever truly forgotten it, as we have spent our lives begging her to take it up again, or to at least play us something, a polka or a jig or whatever. A savvy gal, she never obliged us, as she sensed (probably correctly) that we were setting her up for our own amusement. Now I am wondering if she is doing the same with me.

I already have visions of me as an accordionist. I have grand plans: me playing "Batter Up" at Atty's Little League games, wearing orange lipstick and chewing gum and being *that mom* every time one of our team gets to bat; me being the finishing touch to a polka band that plays at the VFW hall every other Tuesday afternoon; me swinging the instrument around in some experimental, Tom Waits-ish noise group. I am going to be so cool.

And so this has become my first installment recording my journey into the world of the accordion. Lacking funds and the luxury of structured time, I will be teaching myself this awesome instrument. Caveats: I have no sense of rhythm, I have no coordination, and my only musical achievement has been placing 13th in a statewide competition in Colorado when I was 11. And that was with an alto saxophone.



Notes from

Where of the Wind Is Coming from That Special Direction, the

There is a feature that has been running in the local paper in honor of the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Lubbock as a city. The newspaper happens to be called the Avalanche-Journal, despite the fact that even if more than an inch of snow managed to accumulate here it would have to drive for at least an hour before it found a hillside steep enough to tumble down. And don't even get me started on that hyphen.

So the A-J has been running feature articles on Lubbock's 100th anniversary. One of the articles was about the special characteristics that distinguish Lubbockites from normal people. It's mostly a bunch of feel-good crap about how people here stop and talk to strangers on the street (which I'd like to point out happens in Chicago, too, only there it's called paranoid schizophrenia), look each other in the eye, and seal promises with handshakes. In all, it makes Lubbock sound like not a bad place to live. So I wanted to reveal the capital of the South Plains to be the cultural wasteland that it is.

"This is one of the last areas settled in the country, and we're not that far removed from the buffalo hunters and soldiers who settled the area. I think probably the most distinctive thing about Lubbock is a strong independent spirit." At the tender age of 100, Lubbock is a literal babe in arms among cities. There's a reason for that. Other than the infertile soil and unforgiving climate, the main reason it took so long for whites to settle here is that the Comanche Indians were what some people here have called fierce or hostile. So whenever I hear people here bragging about being close to their strong settler roots, all I really hear is ha ha we managed to kill off all of those pesky Indians; if we could now only get rid of the mile-high cockroaches wouldn't this be a spiffy place to live?

Actually the invention whose introduction and widespread distribution coincided almost precisely with the settling of Lubbock was the automobile. I invite you to try to walk anywhere here. You won't get far. To start with, there are no sidewalks. None. The roads are plenty wide enough and many of them residential enough that you can walk along the sides of the roads. As long as you don't happen to be out walking at the same time as the amateur drag racers (keep your eyes peeled on Friday and Saturday nights and you'll spot the reclusive drunk underaged amateur drag racer). Once you've successfully managed to walk down the side of the street for 5-6 minutes, you are perhaps at a grocery store, which is zoned not to be in the same zip code as residential neighborhoods. But chances are you haven't really made it to the store: you've made it to where you can see a store, but you are separated from that store by approximately 8 lanes of traffic. So you walk up to the traffic pole and push the handy button. And you stand there. The light changes to favor the traffic that is going in your direction, but there is a

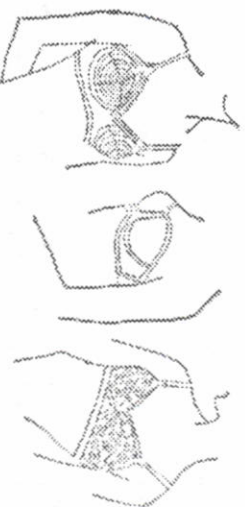
Secrets of Loveliness

by Kay Thomas

This is a book about you—not just the girl you are, but the girl you could be. Not every girl can be beautiful. Beauty is a quality that a special few are born with. But loveliness, the aim of all women through the ages, can be acquired. The secrets of loveliness can be learned. In the way you tend your body—nourish it, clothe it, cherish it—lie some of the secrets of loveliness. In the way you develop the real you—stretch your mind, refine your spirit, respond to others, and feel about yourself—the secrets of loveliness, too. Every girl can achieve some of this special magic. This book has been written to help you become the girl you want to be—with grace of form and feature, with radiance of soul and mind.

Why a Bra?

The purpose of a brassiere is twofold. It is designed primarily to support the breasts. But it also helps to control the figure by molding the contours of the breasts. By gentle padding, it can even add to those contours. Or, by clever design, it can subtract from them slightly in the interest of modesty. When should you begin to wear a bra? The answer depends on your figure and on you. When your breasts seem to interfere with your daily activities, or look as if they did, the time has come for you to wear a bra.



Don't Be Embarrassed

Expert advice is needed in fitting a bra. Seek the help of an experienced saleswoman. Don't be embarrassed to let her measure you. She sees hundreds of girls each day of all sizes and shapes. Put yourself in her capable hands.

She will measure your chest just under the bust to determine your proper size. Bras are measured in inches and come from size 28 up. (The size is arrived at by adding five inches to the circumference of your chest under the bust.)

By observing your breasts, this expert can determine if you need the smallest cup, which is AA, a larger one, say B or C, or even D, which is designed for the full-busted girl.

What about Falsies?

Unless you are quite flat-chested, avoid that extra padding. There is physical beauty in budding contours. Trying to improve on nature by wearing "falsies" may result in your looking grotesque.

garage sale (con't)

These dealers remove the fun of competition, and they fuel the belief that anything produced before 1988 is "vintage," and therefore worth 20 times more than it should be. Dealers make me see red; soon, I'm going to start kicking them in the shins when I sniff 'em out.

Yet the dealers will, I have faith, eventually fade. Their world is one of fad

and whimsy, the antique trend fed entirely by a less-rooted class of consumers who will move their tastes on to the next thing, and upon those used-up, overpriced gee-gaws will stand Victory, clad in her white Saturday sneakers offering one-fifth of the asking price while her husband waits in the car, the engine running and aimed at the next sale four blocks away.

What I scored Summer 2000

1. Awesome early 1970s midweight cruiser bicycle, \$1.
2. Toddler scooter, loved by the boy, \$5 (reduced from \$10).
3. Old dress form, excellent shape, no plastic parts, \$30.
4. Edward Gorey's *Amphigorey*, \$3.
5. *Bananas* monkey poster, free.
6. Crap that will be in my next garage sale.
7. Basket of c. 1960 cameras, \$10.
8. Wind-up walking chattering teeth, 5 cents.
9. Stack of *Reader's Digest* from 1938, \$1.

Best sale visually,

Summer 2000

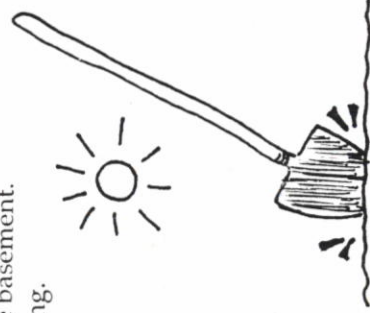
An old man in overalls selling 40 used shovels, which he spiked into the yard at angles to best depict their shoveling potential.

Things people just need to stop trying to sell

1. Kids' potty seat.
2. Breast pumps.
3. Partially used Mary Kay cosmetics.
4. Moldy crap from the basement.
5. \$20 "vintage" anything.

The Personal Holy Grail

1. Kids' swimming/wading pool.
2. Uncatalogued but true painting by famous, dead artist.
3. Turn-of-the-century skin mags.
4. Pristine vinyl copy of the King's *Aloha* from Hawaii.



Lubbock

Pleasant Odor of Cow Is Piped Directly to Your Front Door

by Molly Hinchshaw

lane of cars directly in front of you making rights on red. Then there's another lane to your right that's turning left on green. You stay on the curb, and if you're lucky you get to witness an exciting traffic accident. If you are lucky, you will get to the other side of the street before your dentist appointment next week.

"People are friendly. You drive down one of the highways, and people wave as they pass each other. There are letters to the editor every few days where someone commends another person who stopped just to help when they were in trouble." SEE? Did you see that? People waving at each other AS THEY DRIVE PAST EACH OTHER! People STOPPING TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE! Stopping what, you may ask, stopping their gardening, stopping their walk, stopping their knitting? NO! STOPPING THEIR CARS! In Lubbock, not having a car can be considered a handicap more severe than not having arms or legs. At least people without arms or legs can DRIVE for God's sake.

There is only one thing that will bring the car culture to a screeching halt, and that's the monsoon season. This is called the flatlands because, well, it's pretty much flat, and you can't build much of a drainage system because after a couple of feet you hit bedrock (hence, no basements in Lubbock, tornadoes be damned), so as soon as the first 20 inches of rain come down in April, there are parts of Lubbock that are covered in 20 inches of water. This annual incident has caused several thousands of dollars of car damage to every single person I know who has lived here for more than a year or two, so if you're a mechanic who knows how to fix engines damaged by flood water, Lubbock is a mecca.

"It has often been said that the people of Lubbock and West Texas are the friendliest around, in many ways the area's greatest asset. But what made that happen? Is it the influence of agriculture, which for decades has set the example for helping each other?" It is, in fact, that we live in an entire city populated by hayseed good ole boys who can't walk through a metal detector in an airport without taking off their belts. Sure they're friendly. To each other. I get accused of being a snob for not wanting the bag boy to carry my groceries for me. Alan, the copy boy from work, informs me that groceries must be carried for grocery store patrons, it's "the code of the West." Alan later abridged his statement to mean that a woman's groceries should be carried for her if and only if the grocery store bagger happens to be a boy. Thanks for the clarification, Alan.

here it is, you vultures: it's my

teen journal

July 7 (I think) 1985 (it's a Sunday)

Julie never showed up. I've been really bored & depressed today. No reason why, I guess.

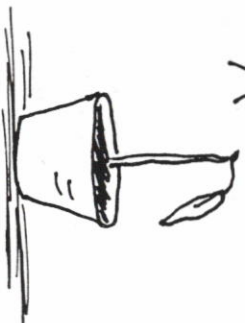
7-9-85

Today was pretty fun! First, I slept 'til noon! (kinda mad 'bout that). Then Katherine called & we talked. A lot. Later she came down & we talked & talked & laughed & laughed! Then Vicki came over & we watched The John Taylor interview that I recorded. Then I went downtown & met Kristi there & we walked 'round & talked. Today was the last day I'll ever see her. While I was there I bought some hair bleach & came home & tried to streak my hair but to no avail. Later that night I went up to Kath's & Vicki was still there & we joked around. Then they ATTACKED me & put blue & pink & gold stuff in my hair & all over my face!!! Then Julie came up (Steve & Mom said she'd been lookin' 'round for me!) And we talked & talked (we had a lot of things to catch up on!) & played loud music & danced 'round. Then we left. Tomorrow we're all going to the ice cream parlor (Vicki's treat) to look at Andreas! Right now I have that bleach in my hair. Hope it works this time!

7-11-85

Yesterday, me, Vicki, & Julie went to the ice cream parlor (Vicki's treat). Vicki put blue, gold, & pink stuff in her hair to try to get Andrea's attention, but to tell you the truth, I caught him looking right at me 3 times! Wish I could talk to him! Vicki's trying to tell me that she knows Ulf. Bull crap! Tomorrow I'm gonna get her. She said he had blue eyes. Brown. And she said his b-day was tomorrow. No. His birthday is in March. Can you believe she stole my magazine? So I have her bracelet and ring. & she ain't gettin' it back unless I get my Star Hits. "Keith Forehead" called me tonite. As soon as he started talking, he ticked me off. And I really cut him LOW!! He said "Why don't you come over to my house?" "What would I want at your house?" "Oh, I know what you're thinking. You can bring Julie, too. There's lotsa things to do here." "I don't think my boyfriend would like that too much." "Well, bring him, too." "What would he be wantin' to do there? What would I be wantin' to do there?" "You sure are being rude tonight." "Yeah, well, I'm that way to rude people." I think you get the picture! Now I gotta decide what to wear to the ice cream parlor tomorrow!

go on for days, but at the top of the list:
Sales!



there are the jerks who never go to garage sales themselves, and who think it would be cute to have a garage sale because crazy Aunt Mary had one once, and boy was that a hoot. These pests price their kids' faded, stained clothes at \$3 a pop, and they think their Kenny G cassette tapes are a steal at \$4. Ultimately, they tell us their garage is our treasure before we make the decision for ourselves.

Which leads into another aspect of garage sale culture: the openness to judge. It's expected. Friendly people with fair/cheap prices will always get a "thank you!" from me, even if I don't buy anything. The hard-sell is uncool and irritating and—unless they have something I'm dying for—usually loses my money. The price-it-high prissies get open derision, Grandma-style: scoffs, that sharp bit of air through the teeth, and the loud whisper to my cohort, "Are these people on crack?" Less hostile, but sadder, is the slow drive-by where everyone in the car peers, nods, and the car accelerates on down the road.

The buyers' crowd is a monster all its own, as down-home as hated for starlings but as ruthless as any high school girl at cheerleading tryouts. They're a better lot, however, because they can turn it off. And their excitement over a 25-cent straw cowboy hat will carry them through the day. The ones worth a damn will buy the Friday newspaper, highlight the sales they want to get to, plot an order, eat breakfast before the rooster stirs (or count on a kid selling cupcakes at a card table next to mom's money shoebox), have plenty of coffee, double-tie their sensible shoes, and will be waiting in the car outside the sale a good 15 minutes before the garage door is opened.

These stealthy bargain hunters are not to be confused with a new phenomenon in garage-saling: the antique dealer. This low-life will behave in much the same way, but will have hundreds of dollars to offer the seller, buying a garage-ful in one fell swoop and worrying about it later, as if it were a mystery gift box at a tourist site.



(CONT.)

Don't sneer at me "Why Kansas?" I could

the Garage

and I'm talking cool stuff, rock-bottom prices, and stiff 7:30-in-the-morning, elbow-in-the-gut, fire-in-the-eye competition for junk that gets the heart of this state beating faster than any rise in pork prices.

My garage-sale fever is inherited: summer Saturday mornings, my cousins and I would pile into Grandma's big green car to go spend our \$1 allowance on ratty stuffed animals and faded Ziggy platitude pins. We often scored—it was the 1970s, back when you could buy two vinyl 45s at Gibson's for 98 cents—but the real fun was watching Grandma pass through neighborhood after neighborhood, telling us who was worth our time and who was "out of their minds."

Now summer garage saling is in my salt: I never feel as if I can be so decadent as to pay more than 3 bucks on the barrelhead for kitchenware or

sweaters. But saving money is not the only reason to dive into this base culture. The garage sale is so American, so twentieth century, such dynamic nostalgia that passing it up would arguably snub one's own regional history.

I love garage sales because people invite you into their lives for a more intimate glimpse as to how they live. You won't get into their living room (unless you are one of those brazen types who feign a restroom emergency, which I am not), and you really can't sum them up entirely by their detritus. But you can find out what not to buy them (forget the hot rollers and silk flower arrangements), as well as what sort of identity they are shedding due to disappointment (former fitness go-getter, get-rich-quick type, freaky the-end-is-nigh doomsayers). I get most excited over the total enigma, like the elderly woman who was selling her old Tupperware and her mid-1980s soul music collection. She had everything by Freddie Jackson and Ready for the World. I didn't buy anything, but I left feeling good knowing that in 1985 she was steeped in musk oil and long, slow lovin'.

More than the stuff, the prices tell you what the sellers think of themselves. Some are no-nonsense and would sell it all for a penny if it keeps them from ever seeing it again. Others price to move, but also need the funds—these people are generally moving and are selling their stuff just to keep from hauling it to Portland, but they need to replace it once they get there. Then

Atticus the Queen!



Queen of all babies jumper from Sandy Penn, Evanston, Ill.



Queen of the horsies baby tee by Ayun Halliday, New York, NY.

Hey Hepcat—RETRO is in! But you're never one to pick something up as it is, which is why

EXTREME RETRO

is for you! And we make it easy. Just choose one of our carefully planned packages that comes complete with comfortable nostalgia, vintage dance moves, and antiquated expressions ripe for your next fete.

Choose from

- the patriotic Colonial American
- the hardy 19th-century French fur trapper
- the toothless European Black Plague survivor

Why create your own culture when we have mined history for you?

Write today! queenie's Culture in a Box, 1543 N. Whateva, College Town USA. Or call us at Viking-7459.

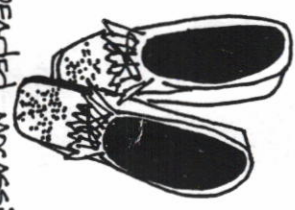


MOVING
SALE
FRI. & SAT. 8-5



AN ILLUSTRATED PICTORIAL OF MY NEW SENSE OF Fashion as INFLUENCED by MOTHERHOOD

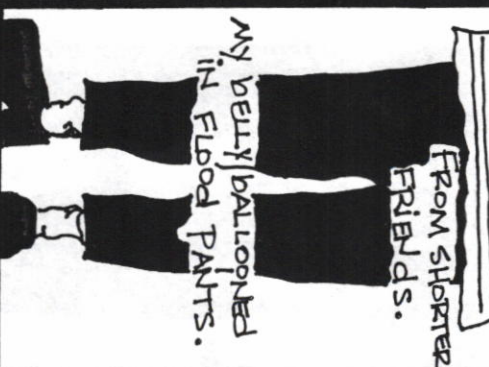
TO BEGIN, I HAVE NEVER POSSESSED A HIP SENSE OF STYLE. WITNESS...



...AND MANY HOME PERMS.



BEING THRIFTY, I BORROWED MOST OF MY MATERNITY CLOTHES FROM SHORTER FRIENDS.



IN THE FINAL DAYS, ONLY TWO SHIRTS FIT. TIM WON THIS ONE IN A GERMAN RESTAURANT.



I WENT TO THE HOSPITAL IN MY COMFY PUMA SNEAKERS.



I STOPPED WEARING MAKEUP OR DOING MY HAIR.



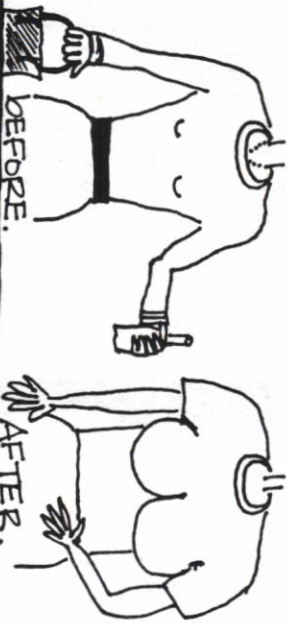
I WAS TOO TIRED AND HOT TO CARE.

FOR SOME REASON, I HAD ENOUGH MILK TO FEED AN ARMY OF BABIES.



I HAD TO WEAR LUMPY BREAST PADS TO SOAK IT UP.

AS IF I DIDN'T FEEL WEIRD ABOUT MY ONCE SMALL-N-PERKY BOOBS NOW BEING THREE TIMES BIGGER. AT LEAST.



LOOK AT THOSE JUGS!



MY CLOTHES ALWAYS HAVE PUKE, PISS, AND MILK ON THEM.



BUT IT ALL LOOKS LIKE LOVE TO ME!

